Tender Loving Care

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Tender Loving Care

by extremelyperturbed

Summary

I wrote this in response to this kinkmeme:

AU in which Alphas during their Rut are as weak as Omegas in Heat. Driven by pheromones, they have only one thing on their mind and forget completely about water, food and sleep, and their Omegas have to care about them, feed them, calm them and make them rest.
Bonus points for caring Omega!Will, but Omega!Hannibal is good too :)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

“Are you sure that’s enough food?” said Beverly as she looked at the pan of lasagna, the cauldron of gumbo, the soup pot full of restorative silkie chicken broth that Will had cooked using Hannibal’s recipe and several loaves of bread that was on the counter in Hannibal’s kitchen. Will was waiting for them to cool down sufficiently so he could put them away.

Will sighed. “Alphas in a Rut need to eat more. There won‘t be time for cooking during the week.”

“He could’ve made the food or had the food made,” noted Beverly.

“It’s traditional for Omegas to make food for Alphas during this time.”

“I can’t imagine how you’re going to handle feeding him while you’re busy fending off his advances.”

“In the old days, Alphas had multiple Omegas so while he was knotted with one Omega, the others could rest or cook and clean. That‘s not an option.”

“You’re not hiring help.”

Will shook his head. “Hannibal only feels comfortable with me there and I don’t want to share him with anybody else.”

“I’ve never heard of any of this before,” said Beverly. She was a beta like nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a ten thousand people and none of her relatives were Alphas or Omegas.

“Alphas don’t like to talk about a time of their year where they’re so vulnerable. I’m only telling you this in case I need help but not the type that requires an ambulance or the cops . . .”

Beverly popped an eyebrow. “I hope I’m not going to be serving as a backup Omega.”

Will laughed out of surprise. “No, that’s not what I meant. I mean if I need you to get something while I keep an eye on him or call to see we’re all right if I don‘t call you by the end of the week.”

“I can do that,” said Beverly.

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“I can feel it begin,” said Hannibal, sounding worried for once as they sat in front of the fireplace.

Will took him by the hand and said, “Come to bed then.”

Will helped Hannibal take off his clothes. This was made more difficult than usual when Hannibal began peppering Will's face with kisses and trying to reach under his clothes.

Will sighed as he pulled Hannibal's hands away. "Hannibal, if you take off your clothes and get into bed, I'll join you in a minute." It was fortunate that though Alphas were extremely and insistently aroused during a Rut, they were often more pliable to an Omega's wishes as long as it appeared to make knotting more likely.

"I am embarrassed that I have lost my self-control," said Hannibal, trying to keep himself from groping Will.

Will kissed him to comfort him, knowing how proud Hannibal was of the front he showed everybody else. "It's endearing," he said before slipping off his T-shirt and shorts. "Now get in and move over." He could only be glad that the intense waves of pheromones Hannibal was radiating was making his own body ready for the demands of the Rut. He could feel himself getting wet and aroused, though to a lesser extent than his partner.

"Touching you is the only thing that cools my fever." Already, Hannibal was alternately nuzzling his neck and nibbling his earlobe, his hands grabbing Will's buttocks and his cock aggressively making its presence known against Will's thigh.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will opened his eyes and saw that Hannibal was asleep. He slipped quietly out of bed, not bothering to put on a robe or even his usual shorts and T-shirt, and softly padded away, hoping that several rounds of knotting the night before would keep Hannibal asleep long enough for him to heat up some lasagna in the microwave for the both of them. He wanted Hannibal to sleep until he brought it back to the bedroom so he could feed Hannibal some food before the impulse to rut hit Hannibal full force and he'd be too interested in being amorous to bother with eating. He absently rubbed his tush after having spent much of the previous night with his ankles either being held in the air or crossed behind Hannibal's back as Hannibal thrust and came inside of him.

As the plate with the lasagna rotated inside the large microwave, Will remembered how Hannibal had grumbled about buying the appliance until Will pointed out that it would be a fire hazard if he was reheating something on the stove only to be pulled away by a single-minded Alpha in rut and that there was nothing like a house on fire to kill the mood. Will also poured a glass of a traditional drink that seemed to help Alphas sleep longer during their down times during a rut and placed it next to the silverware on the cart, another purchase Will had made for the rut. He hoped that between the heavy meal and the creamy tart drink, he would have more time to recover between sessions of knotting.

"Will?"

Will turned to see that Hannibal had walked out of the bedroom, naked and already sporting a cock that was quickly hardening. The expression on Hannibal's face reflected a combination of arousal and needy desperation. "I'm making . . ." Will glanced at the clock. It was almost eleven o'clock in the morning. "I'm making lunch . . ." The microwave timer chimed its completion. Will took a towel to keep from burning his hand and put the dish onto the cart and began rolling it toward the bedroom. Hannibal stepped aside to let Will come back in the bedroom, only to reach out and caress his lower back before sliding his hand in a meaningful way toward his ass and giving it a little squeeze.

Will sat down on the bed and patted the area next to him. Hannibal sat down next to him but made no move to feed himself, instead much more interested in trailing his fingers along Will's thigh and sniffing his shoulder. Will cut a small bite of lasagna with the side of his fork and ate it first before pressing another small bite's worth against Hannibal's lips, which parted and accepted the offering. Will got up and sat on Hannibal's lap in an effort to keep him acquiescent. He offered Hannibal another bite, which he passively accepted while staring at Will's face and massaging Will's knee. It seemed that Hannibal would eat as long as he could fondle Will in the meantime and occasionally lick a drop of sauce on Will's lips.

After finishing the lasagna between the two of them, Will took a sip of the drink before pressing the edge of the glass against Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal drank it slowly while

lightly stroking Will's cock up and down its length with his fingertips. "You're so fucking distracting," said Will as he put the empty glass on the cart.

Hannibal merely gave him a tiny smile in return before slipping his tongue between Will's lips. Will briefly thought that if Hannibal was in his usual state of mind, he might have nitpicked a little about Will's seasoning before losing himself in the waves of pheromones radiating from Hannibal.

"Sit cross-legged on the bed and lean back a little," said Will after he broke the kiss.

Hannibal did as he was told, supporting himself with his hands on the bed. Will straddled him then slowly lowered himself on Hannibal's cock while keeping eye contact with him. He liked this because he had a bit more control over the pace and being able to get Hannibal to listen to him. "You like this, hmm, do you?"

"Please," said Hannibal before he groaned at his entire cock finally being inside of Will. It just took a few minutes of Will slowly rocking back and forth with his head thrown back and stroking his cock and putting on one hell of a show before Hannibal's knot formed and he started to come.
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Will threw water on his face and wiped it with a wash cloth. He desperately wanted to shower off the effects of the last two days: sweat, dried spunk and traces of the slick he produced in response to Hannibal's pheromones. He also wondered how to get Hannibal to take a shower as well. He had just turned on the water and stepped in, feeling the warm and generous spray of warm water on his body when he heard the door open. He turned and saw that it was Hannibal standing at the doorway,

Will waved Hannibal to come over. Hannibal said nothing. Alphas in a rut were often non-verbal. The usually eloquent doctor was mostly reduced to saying either Will's name or "Please." Hannibal stepped into the bathtub and joined Will under the cascade of water.

Will took a handful of shower gel and soaped Hannibal up. Using a wash cloth, he quickly cleaned Hannibal from his wide shoulders to his hairy chest to his calves. He put a towel on the edge of the bathtub and motioned for Hannibal to sit down. Will knelt between his legs and began licking at the thick uncut cock. He had a little trick that he hoped would work again. He turned the water off, leaked a little slick unto his hands and grabbed Hannibal's cock firmly while beginning to suck the tip in earnest. He smiled to himself when he felt the knot develop in his hands and continued flicking his tongue around the head. When he knew Hannibal would erupt, he pulled his mouth off and let Hannibal come on him for several minutes. It never ceased to fascinate him just how much and how long Hannibal could come as spurt after spurt came, covering Will's chest.

When finally Hannibal was finished, Will soaped himself up and rinsed as Hannibal sat quietly, obviously sleepy from the overpowering orgasm. Once he was done, he took a big fluffy towel and began patting Hannibal dry then himself. "Let's go to sleep, all right?" Will said as he led Hannibal back to bed.

"Please."
***

Will wondered how he had come to be lying face down on the new couch with Hannibal licking his thighs, thoroughly lapping up every little trace of slick from the back of his thighs and his ass. He felt like a well-savored lollipop.

Once, out of curiosity, he had tasted his own slick only to find that it was at best, sticky and tasteless. However, when he had once asked Hannibal what it tasted like to him, the gourmand suddenly had a dreamy look in his eyes and compared it to ambrosia, food of the gods, with a sweet taste and a smell that was simultaneously warm and sweet, somewhat reminiscent of cinnamon and cloves but even nicer. And that was what he said about it when he wasn't in a rut. If anything, he would crave it more now.

He felt Hannibal turn him over so he was facing up. Before he could say something, he felt Hannibal's mouth being to work on his cock while two fingers had entered him and began massaging him from the inside. Between the ministrations of the fingers and the worship of Hannibal's tongue, Will came with a cry into Hannibal's mouth and a flood of slick. Will was still dazed from his orgasm when he felt himself being put back on his stomach and Hannibal's tongue again eagerly lapping at his thighs.

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Will opened his eyes to see Hannibal sitting on the bed, wearing a royal blue bathrobe. "Your rut is over?"

"It is," said Hannibal, looking rather sheepish. "You were magnificent."

Will ducked his head at the praise. "I was just doing my best."

"Your best was magnificent," said Hannibal as he brushed Will's hair back from his face with his hand then traced his lips with his thumb. "Stay in bed. Let me make you breakfast."

"Sure. Wake me up when you're done," said Will before going back to sleep. He was utterly and thoroughly pooped.
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Hannibal had just finished making a cheese and huitlacoche omelet, fixed a butter lettuce salad with green goddess dressing and poured two glasses of orange juice when the phone rang. He picked off the phone and quickly made sure the range was off. "Hello?"

"It's Beverly. I'm calling to make sure you're both alive."

Hannibal sighed in exasperation. "Yes, we are very much with the living."

"Where's Will?"

"He is resting."

"Is there anything you want me to pick up and drop off like take out or a pizza?"

"No, I have already prepared breakfast." Hannibal had no wish to eat anything from whatever corner place Beverly picked, from whose menu Beverly would randomly select something quasi edible.

“Oh, that’s so sweet. I passed by the house sitter at Will’s. The house and the dogs look fine.”

“Excellent,” said Hannibal. He had offered to put them up at a kennel but Will had wanted to keep them at home in familiar surroundings. So he had called a service where people house sat while people were gone and he chose someone who knew how to deal with multiple pets.

“What was it like?”

“I believe that’s a very prying question.”

“Just curious.”

“All I will say is that it was very satisfying.” He knew what a lot of betas thought about the rut, that it was merely a combination of a short term trip to one’s adolescence when it came to one’s sex drive and a honeymoon. He knew that nobody would understand what kind of fever dream the rut was. One’s whole universe and motivation revolved around touching and being inside one’s Omega. How could one explain the mixture of pleasure and pain as one was reduced to the primal, where one’s body demanded an intense orgasm that shook one’s body, find momentary relief only to have one’s body shake one awake with renewed lust? However, now he felt completely satiated, his body humming with lingering feelings of euphoria and delight. And he had so enjoyed having Will all to himself, having Will concentrate all his attention on him.

“Tell Will, I called.”

“I’ll be sure to do so. Breakfast is almost ready so I have to . . .”

“I get it. Good bye.”

“Bye.”

Hannibal carried the tray into the bedroom and put it on the table next to the bed. He took a fork and cut a piece of the omelet before spearing it on its prongs. He sat on the bed, causing Will to open his eyes and smile.

The End

Chapter End Notes

As for the drink, it's said that yogurt and nuts can help sleep.

http://www.sofeminine.co.uk/sex-sexuality/anal-sex-positions-d52536c605207.html illustrates a lot of different positions; I chose the Rocking Horse one.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Green_goddess_dressing Also quite tasty, had a salad with that dressing for brunch once.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Corn_smut is huitlacoche. It's actually quite tasty and remember mushrooms and truffles are a fungus as well.

End Notes

Also, Betas are the vast majority, completely unaffected by the Rut, while Alphas and Omegas number one in ten thousand. Based on the prompter's request, I decided that Omegas don't go in heat but are somewhat influenced by their Alphas into being receptive but remain more in control of themselves so they can keep the Alphas healthy during and after a Rut. The nature of a Rut is based on the Alpha. If the Alpha is non-violent with his Omega usually then it carries it over to the Rut so it's more a matter of constant, gentle persuasion to get the Alpha to do anything but Rut. It is possible in this verse to suppress Rut chemically with drugs but Hannibal is the rare Alpha who finds the side effects too unpleasant to deal with and also philosophically wants to follow his true nature even if it deeply embarrasses him. An Alpha won't die if he doesn't have an Omega during a Rut but it is guaranteed to be a miserable experience.

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